THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELLA ELWOOD

I was an infant, helpless, sickly, weak,
And tenderness of all that touched me not,
A fretful form of half embittered clay,
Wearying alike to every friendly knee.
But there was one who loved me from the first,
Who tasted her own joy little to ease,
Fed by my milk at noon and last at even—
It was my Mother kept me from the grave.

I was a gladsome girl of sweet stature,
The belle, the counsel of my own gay sphere,
Unlike the Port banish'd from her Heaven,
I sought and flaunted all plain and common, though
Who then so gently whispered in fond tones,
"Go—do not—child—be sober—better girl,"
Who pined with seem till I became convinced?
It was my Mother's love that was my soul.

I was a wife, a wife though bright, and her best friend,
The bride of one of mighty intellect,
Long we two dwelt together as one soul,
And of he blest the hour when first we met,
But ah, it needed watchful care to keep
His proclaims love that was to last after day,
What precious meanderes because my guide:
It was my Mother pointed out the way!

I was myself a mother, precious fruit,
And beautiful to look on was my boy,
Oh, how we loved the playful little one!
Whose every utter filled our hearts with joy.
And as he grew in years we grew more fond,
Watching like chief our sole earthly care,
Who then with warning voice stood near at hand?
It was my Mother urged me forward!

I was a widow, childless, sick at heart,
The floor of death blighted our household tree
Nipped from it with fearful chill the purest stem,
Then smote the mischievous prankler on my knee.
Oh, if in true God's eagerie come to us
Laden with comfort in our sorrow—when
Art broken hearts? we would else despair—
It was my Mother's voice so sigh'd then.

And now I stand alone, bereft indeed,
For she who shared my sorrows is no more;
Joined away like summer clouds from my sight,
And left my heart like theirs, dark to its core.
Orphaned I was here long, since gone,
And so I stand upon its humid sod,
A wiser woman whispered in mine ear,
Then lent no Mother, but then host her God!

THE LIGHT AND THE TRUST, AND THE STRENGTH OF YOUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY BENJ. MORFORD

Still gleames the gold from the southern moor
Still glitter the stars in the midnight sky,
And shine the lovers of old
In the glorious light of woman's eye.
But a ray is gone,
And a star has vanished from,
When life was bright with its early dawn.

Not Freedom's vision is ever said alike,
Still comes over her many love,
And the Truth at Heaven falls like balm
On the broken hearts in life's thorny way
But a feeling kind
Has been left behind,
That in after years we would die to find.

Still beats the sons in the southern strong,
Still sparkles the soul with power and grace,
But the might and the power that were ours so long
Have vision away from limb and brain.
And the theme, in truth,
Of this memorial youth,
Are the Light, and the Trust, and the Strength of Youth.

Original Tales.

THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY JOSEPH A. NUNES.

It was about nine o'clock one autumn evening, some six years ago, when Doctor Horace Warden, a young physician of Baltimore, was seated on the midst of a profound reverie by, in the, the sumtual mood of a thinking of his office bell.

Horace Warden was then about the age of twenty-two; and for four years his life had been one constant struggle against poverty and its attending ills. Left in his native city, when his education was completed, to his own guardianship, he had by his unaided exertions acquired the profession he had selected to pursue for a livelihood, and the acquisitions of which he had hoped would lead him on the high-road to fortune.

Enterprising, intelligent, prepossessing and industrious, he had hitherto failed almost in vain; his profession, like an undried mountain, required the means of living, and it was only by the liberal use of his pen that he was enabled to make up the scanty pittance on which he managed to live. Editors and publishers employed him, and regulated by his labors, while they doled out to him suggestly but a mite of the profits which accrued to them from his talents. Among his professional brethren he was considered a man of ability, and some of his articles in the medical magazines were read with approval and admiration. Still, notwithstanding all his exertions, he was poor, with nothing but the hope of a better future to cheer him in the pursuit of his arduous and unthankful labors. He was fond of reflection on this subject, when the ringing of his office bell aroused him from the unpleasant train of thought, and drove from his mind, for the time, the idea which had that moment entered it, of abandoning his profession, and seeking employment elsewhere, though the pursuit that would at least remunerate for a tithe of the labor expended.

Hastily closing his book, he rose and went to open the door. The night was stormy, and the rain came down with violence. The single street lamp—for the neighborhood did not give sufficient light to enable him to distinguish who it was that demanded admittance, but on shading his eyes with his hand, he could to concentrate the rays of light, as to protect his face from the weather, he discovered a female standing beneath the bell handle, and apparently weeping.

"Come in, my child, come in," said the Doctor, as he set her hastily aside, and then walked with the shelter of an umbrella; "come in and let me know what I can do for you."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed the little girl, as she suddenly endeavored to restrain her sobs, "do come, and come quickly; my poor Mother is dying, she may be dying, and we have no doctor," and the child's tears flowed fast as she said this.

"I will go with you instantly; but come in out of the storm for a moment, my dear," said the Doctor, "until I can protect myself by an overcoat. Your thing," he muttered, "I wish I had also some protection to offer you."

The child followed him into the office while he prepared himself to brave the inclement weather; and while in the act of doing so, he had an opportunity of observing more closely her appearance. She could scarcely have been more than eleven years of age. Her dress was humble in its texture, and dripping with wet; but yet there was a neatness to about the child which he had not often observed about the vulgar; and her face, too, was one of intelligence sweetness and beauty. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her little bosom throbbed with emotion. The Doctor wrapped himself up as quickly as possible; donned his hat, took his umbrella, and giving his hand to the little girl, he went out into the street.

Horace Warden would willingly have called a hack as he went along, if but for the sake of his companion, but truth to tell he was at that moment worth money enough to defray the expense, so he could only apostrophize his poverty in unmeasured terms, and express to the child his sympathy for her defenceless condition.

"I don't mind the rain, sir," said the little girl, hurrying forward.

The Doctor followed her through several streets to the outskirts of the town, where, turning down a narrow alley, they stopped at the door of a small but cheerless looking house. The child raised the latch, and led the Doctor up stairs. Upon the second story they proceeded, and then a second door was opened. There was a dim light burning in the room, by which Horace could perceive the form of a man lying upon the bed, while beside him, in an attitude of the tenderest solicitude, there stood a young girl, dressed in plain and common though clean and neat apparel, the outline of whose form was such as could not fail to attract attention and admiration. Her features were delicate and beautiful: she was pale, but her countenance was intelligent, her brow bright, and her hair smooth, soft, and of a light brown color. Altogether her countenance was one that might and would have been regarded more than once, and each time with increasing interest. But Horace Warden had no leisure to observe all this, for hastily, and in the fewest words, the child explained that his attention should be given entirely to the invalid; and it was only afterwards, and so subsequent occasions that he had an opportunity of observing those observations.

The Doctor's ear ascertained that the sick man was not dying, though it was evident that he had not long to live, for he was in the last stage of that disease, (the consumption,) whose endurance is death. The man's frame was emaciated to a mere skeleton, and his voice was weak and interrupted by coughing, which, when it occurred, was preceded by paroxysms to the emotion of a quantity of blood from the lungs. But still he retained his senses, and he said, with a sad smile, as the Doctor felt his wrist, "A broken heart? we would else despair—It was my Mother's voice so sigh'd then."

"I am not going yet, Doctor, though the poor children will half believe me when I tell them so," and as he looked towards his two daughters his lips quivered, and his voice became tremulous. "I shall bless them," he added, "they lose at once their father and their only friend when I am gone. It is only for their sakes that I have any life prolonged, if I might also have strength to make it servicable to them."

The Doctor felt his eyes moisten as he learned the desolate and forlorn state of this family, who in point of manners, morals and education, seemed so much above the condition in which they were to be placed; but he scarcely had time to reply, but could not had them hope, and he did not wish to tell them in despair. He said, that could not be, but he did all in his power to alleviate and assuage, and then he left.

"Is there—is there no hope?" exclaimed the eldest girl hurriedly, as she detained him for a moment before the door.

"I fear, my dear young lady," said Horace, in a voice of sympathy, "that there is none of his recovery—I will probably call in the morning, and may live weeks—but I should only be kindly cruel, in telling you that he can be restored to health or even survive long."

Horace Warden did not, as he had intended, decide the case of that night's occasion. He was so that he had witnessed so exclusively on upon the mind that he could think of nothing else. The manners and the reservation of the family made on his mind them. They were so different, so superior to what might naturally have been expected from their apparent circumstances, that they had a deep effect on him than might else was the eldest daughter, whom he had heard her father address by the name of Agnes. The name of the family was Mowbray.

Now was it alone the beauty of the young lady that engrossed itself upon his heart: it was the flashes of mind he discovered in her, even in the midst of the great distress, and the peculiarity of situation—the responsible position in which she was placed—the who she was so fair and delicate—in who had need of the best counsel and advice, his only would fail crushingly upon her:—she had evidently the severest storms to withstand. Never had Horace felt more sensibly his want of a friend—a counsellor, whom withheld from him by the means to afford more ample assistance than his own unprofessional services could for the present. He retired to his couch, but it was not to sleep for many hours, which I think have elapsed, few days—it might be a few hours—would release the spirit of the father from its earthly treatment, and leave his children alone in the world to be cared, alone, against the asperities of a cold and friendless world. Even when he did close his eyes for slumber, the forms of his children appeared before him in dreams, and he could see them hunted and depressed by miseries, and misfortunes, almost too great for human endurance. He arose in the morning anxious, and uneasy, and at the earliest moment of leaving his bed he proceeded again to the house, and repeated his visit of the previous evening.

Day after day he called at the house, and each day increased his first sensations of admiration and pity for the family; and especial regret at his own inability to carry out the suggestions of his heart. Nor did Mr. Mowbray, or Grace, fail to perceive that his feelings in their behalf were not merely those of professional interest; there was something of sympathy in the young physician, related in his bearing, and employed him to attend upon themselves.

In a little while Horace began to feel himself independent, and the future began to appear less obscure—the clouds were breaking away before him, and he could discern a luminous illumination with a ray of happiness—he had a prospect, and he thought he could see the haven of competence smiling a welcome to the tailor in the rugged paths of actual life. Then it was that he asked Grace Mowbray to become his wife—to link her fate with his; to share his joys and griefs, and to encourage him in his onward progress. Nor did Grace hesitate to accept his offer. She had reciprocated his feelings from the first, and her woman's heart told her, long before he had expressed himself, that she was beloved. She knew his circumstances, too, and was aware that his means would allow them but the necessaries of life, without any of its luxuries; yet she did not hesitate to accept with a quiet joy her offer.

They were married, and for three years lived united happily together: though the Doctor's practice still continued but slowly to increase, and though their means were not much more expanded at the termination of that time than at the commencement of that period. Yet they were happy in each others society, and in their child, (for they had one,) and also in the society of little Mary who lived with them; and it was only the dim future which ever cast a cloud over their joy.

It was on one evening while they were conversing on this subject, and while Mary, who was now almost a young lady, was occupied with her evening lessons for the morrow, that they were interrupted by an incident, the knowledge of which tended more than anything else to open a new career, not only to surprise them, but also to give the Doctor a mental lesson that proved as agreeable in its consequences as it was unexpected in its nature.

"It does seem somewhat hard, Grace, dear," said Horace to his wife, as he took her hand in his hand reclining upon his shoulder, "that I should fail as I do, and have done from earliest youth without being able to make a decent provision for you and our children; and that it is only while Providence preserves my health that I can contribute to our support."

"Yet we have our health, love," replied his wife affectionately, "and we should not think I complain, but rather seemed to consider me an impediment to the advancement of her own son, who, under sequences as—I was educated to look upon me with jealousy and dislike; indeed he required little instruction for this, for his disposition was naturally selfish; and it was only his shrewdness and duplicity, aided by his mother's art, that concealed it from the knowledge of others.

"Though downward, I was not disheartened; I was spirited at a parent's displeasure, but I did not despair. He had cast me from his favor, but I could still earn my own fortune. Through the assistance of some friends I was enabled to commence business as a merchant, and my efforts were crowned with the happiest success. For ten years I passed a life of prosperity and bliss, unalloyed, except by the thought that my only parent remained averse to me, and unable to my wishes for a reconciliation. My wife and children—for I had then these two dear girls—were the objects of joy to me, and my heart knew no wish, or ask for nothing. With the lapse of that period, however, I began to be unfortunate; loss succeeded loss, and I was involved in debt to a large amount. Misfortune followed misfortune, till at length I was bankrupt. A lucrative situation was offered me in this city, which I accepted, and from which I derive a competency for my family. The greatest of all my misfortunes occurred, and I was deprived by death of my dear wife—the partner of my youth, joys, the solacer of all my griefs—my sweetest refuge amidst all the wildest storms of a life I would have wept. She was certain a greater bereavement; and I have sorrowed for her with a grief that knows no assuagement but in the hope of a future meeting

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1847.

TERMS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Bear Up Bravely. We thank our correspondent for her poem. To her question, we can only reply that we do not keep a very strict debit and credit account in such cases. She must be the judge herself.

Declined. "Passing Thoughts," "For what was Life given?" "The Carrier Dove," and "To one who Understands It," are respectfully declined.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

This is the time when we usually appeal to our readers, to get up clubs and forward their subscriptions for a new year. We have tried during the past year to make a good paper, one both interesting and instructive, and we trust that our subscribers, if they think we have succeeded, will not only send on their own money for the new year, but will use some exertion among their neighbors and friends to extend our list.

The terms of the Post are as low as those of any other paper of the same size and quality. By buying the matter that has already appeared in a daily, using inferior paper, and purchasing no original articles, we could make up an inferior sheet at a lower price; but it is the pride of the proprietors of the Post to publish as neat and weekly sheet printed on good paper, with type that will not ruin the eyes of their subscribers. That such newspapers are wanted, and that the country is prepared to pay a fair price for a good article, is fully proven by the success of those papers which have not thought it wise to sacrifice quality to a mere superficial cheapness. In conclusion we would again take the liberty of reminding our readers, that now is the time to send on back debts, and new subscriptions, and to say a good word to their neighbors on our behalf. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

A SWINDLER.

A rascal in Tennessee, has been passing himself off as an agent of the Post and other periodicals, assuming the name of J. K. Whip[illegible]. Of course he produced no credentials.

SPECIE.

Some weeks ago we read an account of a farmer in Kent, Ct., who was robbed of $2,200 in specie, which he kept nicely stowed away in a keg, the latter being deposited for safe keeping in a hogshead of oats in his wood shed. The account also stated that it was well known in the neighborhood that from $12 to $15,000 in specie had been hoarded up in the same farmer's house for the last fifteen years.

Readers of common intelligence will perceive at once the folly of hoarding up money in this way. They know that if the same money was put out at interest, on good security, or invested in land, it would be bringing in yearly a small percentage as interest or profit, which, in the course of ten or fifteen years, would probably equal the original amount; while, when hoarded up in kegs or clock cases, it produces nothing. We say all sensible men see the wisdom of putting out their money as they accumulate it, at interest in some way; notwithstanding it may be lost occasionally by the depreciation of securities, or by bad speculations. They know that on the whole it is by far the best policy.

[illegible]

beyond all question. That the amount of paper in circulation should be limited to not more than three dollars in notes, for every specie dollar in bank, seems to have become a very general article of belief. But the tendency of a thing to abuse, is not always a good argument against its use, though we admit that the price of paper money, as Jefferson said of Liberty, "is perpetual vigilance."

THE DEAD SEA.

An expedition has been fitted out by the Government, and is expected to sail from New York before long, for the purpose of making an exploration of the Dead Sea. The expedition is composed of a party of naval officers, under the command of Lieut. Lynch—Lieut. Dale being more specially charged with the scientific explorations and surveys.

It is a little singular that it has been left to a government of the great Western continent, to endeavor to unravel one of the greatest mysteries that lie in the bosom of the old Eastern world. The Dead Sea has been an object of wonder and speculation for centuries; and yet no European government has thought the subject of sufficient importance to warrant a small outlay to endeavor to make the mystery plain. Individuals have attempted it, but their accounts are imperfect and contradictory. One unfortunate traveller was swallowed up in its waters; as if the dark and gloomy waves beneath him, fearful of having the secret of ages wrested from them, had opened of their own accord for his destruction. And there that black asphaltic sea still lies, as it has lain for four thousand years—without a living thing within its waters, or scarcely upon its shores, except that Dead Sea fruit, so famous in poetry—with rivers pouring their eternal floods into its bosom, but with no visible outlet; with its lofty walls, almost perpendicular, of black, menacing rock, rising fifteen hundred feet upon one side, and two thousand upon the other—there it lies, as it has lain for ages, resting like a black funeral pall upon the corpse-like ruins of the cities of the plain.

Is this so? Can the ruins of those cities still be seen through the dark but singularly clear waters above them? Great question of questions! which, answered in the affirmative by veracious witnesses, would startle the unbelief of a world. It is singular that this question which so naturally arises in the minds of many when perusing the Scriptural Record, has never been satisfactorily answered, either in the affirmative or negative. The waters of the Dead Sea are said to possess great petrifactive qualities—what a thrill would run through the heart of Christendom if that sea, constrained by the science and persevering art of the nineteenth century, should be forced at this late day to give up the stony bodies of its dead!

The present expedition is provided with everything necessary for a full and accurate exploration—and the well known energy and fearlessness of our naval officers, leaves no room to doubt but that they will push their investigations to the furthest limits. They will take with them metal boats of light construction, and all the means and appliances for surveying and sounding. If they determine nothing else, they will confirm or refute the singular statement that the level of the Dead Sea is more than 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, though only forty miles distant.

In conclusion, we may be allowed to express our pleasure, that our government has found time, amid the weightier matters of the present juncture, to attend to the claims of science, and to aid the progress of discovery.

THE SNAKE QUESTION.

We have received several communications relative to the fascinating power possessed by some species of snake, which we have not yet had time to examine. In order to warn our correspondents against too great familiarity with these dangerous animals, in pursuing their investigations, we copy the following melancholy particulars of a recent death in New York, from the papers of that city.

On Thursday afternoon Dr. Wainwright received from a brother-in-law in Alabama, through one of the packets, a number of rare plants, &c., the production of that section of the Union—and, probably, for the purpose of furnishing a subject for some scientific experiments, a rattlesnake, six feet long, was contained in the invoice.

The reptile was securely boxed, but it seems that Dr. W., for the purpose of exhibiting it to some friends in the evening, took the box to Brandreth House, corner of Canal and Broadway, where, knocking off the top, the snake was let loose upon the bar room floor. [illegible]

[illegible]

A FUNERAL THOUGHT.

The following splendid poem, by J. Bayard Taylor, is from the January number of Graham's Magazine. In our opinion, Mr. Taylor takes hold upon immortality with this poem:

When the pale Genius, to whose hollow tramp
Echo the startled chambers of the soul,
Waves his inverted torch o'er that wan camp,
Where the archangel's marshaling trumpets roll,
I would not meet him in the chamber dim,
Hushed, and o'ershadowed with a nameless fear,
When the breath flutters, and the senses swim,
And the dread hour is near!

Though loving arms might clasp me fondly then,
As if to keep the Summoner at bay,
And woman's woe and the calm grief of men
Hallow at last the still, unbreathing clay—
These are Earth's fetters, and the soul would shrink,
Thus bound, from Darkness and the dread Unknown,
Stretching its arms from Death's eternal brink,
Which it must dare alone!

But in the awful silence of the sky,
Upon some mountain summit, never trod,
Through the bright ether would I climb, to die
Afar from mortals, and alone with God!
To the pure keeping of the stainless air
Would I resign my feeble, failing breath,
And with the rapture of an answered prayer
Welcome the kiss of Death!

The soul, which wrestled with that doom of pain,
Prometheus-like, its lingering portion here,
Would there forget the vulture and the chain,
And leap to freedom from its mountain-bier!
All that it ever knew of noble thought,
Would guide it upward on the glorious track,
Nor the keen pangs by parting anguish wrought,
Turn its bright glances back!

Then to the elements my frame would turn,
No worms should riot on my coffined clay,
But the cold limbs, from that sepulchral urn,
In the slow storms of ages waste away!
Loud winds, and thunder's diapason high,
Should be my requiem through the coming time,
And the white summit, fading in the sky,
My monument sublime!

EVANGELINE.

Some critics have been a little amused in reading Longfellow's new poem "Evangeline," at the following passage:

Patiently stood the cows, meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand, whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pail the foaming streamlets descended.

And again:

——his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, *with a look of wisdom supernal*;
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.

An Eastern editor thus parodies the first passage:

Patiently stood the horse, meanwhile, and yielded his brake
Unto the driver's hand, whilst loud, and in regular cadence,
Upon his sounding back the eloquent whip descended!

THE WEEKLIES.

The editor of the Windham County Democrat, in an article upon its literary and religious exchanges, speaks as follows of several of them; ourselves among the number. The Democrat says:

Of our literary exchanges, the Weekly Athenaeum, Boston, is independent and manly in its conduct, and filled with choice reading, principally selected from standard European and American authors. The Saturday Evening Post and Neal's Gazette, Philadelphia, are of the magazine character, and favorite family papers. The Post has that indescribable coziness or loveableness, both of look and sociability, which some persons have, and which makes them welcome in season and out of season, and seem like old acquaintances, though you may not have known them an hour. Neal's Gazette, while its sad bereavement is a silent appeal to our most kindly sympathies, has less of social abandon than the Post, but a peculiar and beautiful dignity which betrays the refined and elevated taste of its conductors. The Home Journal, New York, is like a lady's workbox in its numberless and unique resources and gatherings.

GENERAL PILLOW.

Such queer tales were told at first by the papers about General Pillow's knowledge of military affairs, or rather his want of knowledge, that we could not refrain from joining in the laugh a little. Afterwards, however, when we found the New Orleans [illegible]

[illegible]

AN ELOPEMENT.

[illegible]

PENNY POSTAGE.

[illegible]

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

[illegible]

GENERAL TAYLOR.

[illegible]

TELEGRAPHIC FEAT.

[illegible]

REPEAL.

[illegible]

OATHS.

[illegible]

THE NEW REPUBLIC.

[illegible]

A LADY'S PAPER.

[illegible]

OLE BULL.

[illegible]

PICTORIALS.

[illegible]

COCKROACHES.

As we think every editor owes it to the cause of good housewifery, comfortable living and economy, to do all he conveniently can to assist in the extirpation of those vilest of household pests, Cockroaches, we copy from the Ohio Cultivator the following receipts for their extermination. The first is said to be "a certain remedy."

Take a teaspoon heaped full of red lead, mix it well in an earthen dish with half a gill of molasses, then add a pint of fine corn meal—when well mixed together, put it on the floor and places where the vermin are discovered, and they will soon disappear. Nothing will kill them more effectually than this composition.

A subscriber in Summit county informs us that cockroaches can be effectually destroyed, or driven from a house, by scattering lobelia, the green or dried plant, (*Lobelia inflata*,) about their haunts. He says these varmints are radical "Thompsonians," and so fond of lobelia that they will kill themselves with it. If this is so, they are the greatest fools of their size we ever saw.

THE JOHN DONKEY.

We have received from *Zieber & Co.*, a humorous publication with the above rather singular title. It is a good deal in the style of the late Yankee Doodle. Some of its hits are admirable, especially that at the "High Pressure" Literature. The engravings are good. The following is a rich piece of satire, levelled at our "native" friends:

EXCITING TOPIC OF DISCUSSION.

Among the other interesting vexed questions to be settled by the next Native Convention is—whether the Christian Religion, having been first promulgated in Palestine, is not of foreign origin, and therefore to be prohibited to Americans. The clergy are in a state of trepidation as to the result.

CHANCELLOR KENT.

The venerable ex-Chancellor Kent died at his residence in New York city, on last Sunday evening, in the 85th year of his age. Chancellor Kent was one of that class of men who are the chief pillars of a nation's hope. He possessed great intellectual ability, but it was not that which made the chief glory of his character. It was his steadfast integrity, his unblemished reputation as a just judge and strictly honest man, which marked him out among his fellows as a bright and shining light. When such men cease to be revered and valued, a nation, whatever in its folly it may think, is on the high road to perdition.

SMALL TYPE.

It is not often we impose upon our readers with small, eye-sight destroying type—but the great length of the President's Message last week, seemed to render it necessary to compress it into as short limits as possible. None of our readers can despise such villainous type more than we do.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

The Post-Master General declines recommending a reduction of postage, because for a few years additional burden might be imposed upon the Treasury; and he thinks it would not be wise to add in the least to the constant drain upon Uncle Sam's pockets caused by the war.

OHIO CULTIVATOR.

We would call the attention of our Agricultural readers in the West, to the Ohio Cultivator, as a journal the support of which can hardly fail to be advantageous to their interests.

New Publications.

Poems of Early and After Years. By N. P. Willis. Illustrated by E. Leutze. Philada: Carey & Hart. Two years ago, Messrs. Carey & Hart gave to the public a splendid edition of Longfellow's poetical works; last year they followed it up with a similar edition of Bryant's poems; and this year we have the poetical works of N. P. Willis, published in the same magnificent style. [illegible]

[illegible]

Graham's Magazine. The January number of Graham is perhaps the best number ever published of this "best of the monthlies." Not that we think the engravings are so far superior to the usual run of those which the proprietors of *this* magazine are in the habit of giving to the public; but they are very fair, while the literary matter is admirable. One of the most noticeable articles in the number is a poem called "A Funeral Thought," by J. Bayard Taylor. This is really a glorious poem, and we shall lay it before our readers as soon as possible. It would occupy too much of our space to notice in detail the host of good things which are spread out in this number before the readers of Graham. We can only find room and time to notice the titles of some of the best: "Lace and Diamonds," by Theodore S. Fay; "The Rival Sisters," by H. W. Herbert; "The Teacher Taught," by Mary S. Adams; "The Land of Dreams," by W. C. Bryant; "Biographical Sketch of Gen. Butler," by Francis P. Blair; "Matthew Mizzle," by the late Joseph C. Neal; "A Drama of Real Life," by N. P. Willis, "The Rainbow," by Mrs. Sigourney, &c., &c. There is also a finely written poem upon a rather repulsive subject, by Henry B. Hirst; and a portrait of Gen. Butler—a manly, energetic looking face, with a Calhounish brow.

Ladies' National Magazine. The Publisher opens the new year with one of the finest numbers of this magazine we have ever seen. The engravings and literary matter are equally excellent. Mrs. Stephens commences a new story called "Lost and Found," which is illustrated by a handsome engraving. Mr. C. J. Peterson also commences one of his popular Revolutionary stories, called "The Truth Flight, a story of Lee's Legion." The other articles are by Mary Alexina Smith, J. S. Pell, Harry Sunderland, Fannie of Farleigh, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, &c., &c. There are two other engravings, besides the one illustrating Mrs. Stephens's story, viz., "The Lassie Herding Sheep," and a Fashion Plate, containing what purports to be a portrait of Jenny Lind.

The Drama at Pokerville. *By Everpoint (J. M. Field, of the St. Louis Reveille.) Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* Our Western friends seem to be overflowing with fun and frolic, to judge from the humorous stories that are continually originating in that quarter, or rather half of the Union. Their jokes, to be sure, are apt to be a little coarse; but they are of a sound and hearty character. In the volume before us, the "Night in a Swamp," "Establishing the Science," and "The Fall," take our fancy the most—though the latter is no fiction, but a whole-souled fact. The work is illustrated with eight very well executed engravings. Price 50 cents.

Cousin Bertha's Stories. *By Mrs. Mary N. McDonald, author of Fanny Herbert. New York: Stanford & Swords, 139 Broadway.* These stories are written in an easy, cheerful style, the incidents are lively and natural, and such as would interest young people, as they picture the various faults and follies to which they are most liable, and place the corresponding virtues in the most attractive light. Altogether, we can recommend cordially to all who have children to educate this series of little tales, each being well fitted to impress upon the youthful mind the good lesson which it aims to illustrate.

The Bandit's Bride, or, The Maid of Saxony. *By Louisa Sidney Stanhope, author of "Montbrasil Abbey," &c.* We must content ourselves with simply announcing this work, as we have not time to read its three volumes in one, and do not remember to have read any other work by this author. We would remark in passing, however, that to be a bandit's bride, charming as it may appear to romantic young misses, doubtless has its disadvantages. Published by Henry Taney, and for sale by booksellers and news agents generally. Price 25 cents.

Columbian Magazine. We owe an apology to the proprietors of this Magazine, for not having noticed their December number earlier; but it got hid under a pile of books, and did not "turn up" until a few days ago. The engravings are "The Oases," "The Hawking Party at Rest," and a Fashion Plate. The contributors to this number are Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Ellet, Kate Sutherland, H. H. Weld, &c., &c. We notice two quite pretty poems by Mrs. Osgood and Mrs. McDonald.

Dombey & Son. No. 11 of Dombey has been received by Messrs. Lee & [illegible]. It is a very interesting number. Susan Nipper gives Mr. Dombey "a piece of her mind," and, in doing so, proves that her mind is made of the right stuff. As to the rest, every [illegible] if Mr. Dickens succeeds in bringing his story to a close in a satisfactory manner, he will prove himself a greater genius than ever.

A Campaign in New Mexico. *By Frank S. Edwards, a Volunteer. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* The author of this [illegible] made the tour of New Mexico with Colonel Doniphan, as a volunteer, and now gives a history of that expedition, which has been compared to Xenophon's famous retreat with his ten hundred Greeks. Mr. Edward's account appears to be written in a pleasing style [illegible]

[illegible]

Local Intelligence.

DON QUIXOTTE.

[illegible]

MR. DEMPSTER'S CONCERT.

[illegible]

LISTS OF JURORS.

List of Jurors for the Court of Nisi Prius, second period, commencing Dec. 13, 1847.—Hiram Ayres, coal dealer; John Ashton, tailor; Redman Abbott, merchant; Charles Anderson, victualler; Charles Auner, stationer; Wm. Amer, morocco dresser; Nicholas Bruns, farmer; James Brook, grocer; John Bowman, hatter; B. W. Clare, merchant; James Carter, farmer; Wm. Claridge, druggist; Henry Crilly, grocer; Wm. P. Conover, merchant; Andrew Diamond, clerk; Amos Ellis, brickmaker; Edward L. Fraley, clerk; Wm. Gorgas, dentist; Peter Grim, brickmaker; Jesse Hays, millwright; Charles Hortz, grain measurer; Leonard Jewell, gentleman; James Keen, ship-joiner; Isaac Langebartel, shoe dealer; James Linnard, gentleman; James Landy, grocer; Andrew Manderson, Jr., lumber merchant; Isaac Mullen, grocer; Geo. P. Mercer, cooler; Simon H. McMullin, bricklayer; David Maxwell, tin worker; Edward McGlinnes, dyer; James R. Nagley, tailor; William S. Perot, brewer; Jacob Redeler, jeweller; Wm. Reed, gardener; Samuel Rhoades, nurseryman; Jas. Simmons, carpenter; James Smith, labourer; William Smith, farmer; James M. Scott, commission merchant; Henry W. Speel, printer; David B. Taylor, grocer; Edward K. Tryon, gunsmith; Thos. S. Taylor, clerk; James Yardley, bookbinder; Wm. Watkins, grocer; Thos. R. Williams, gentleman.

List of Jurors in the Court of Common Pleas, for December Term, 1847—First Period.—Joshua Andrews, bricklayer; E. Bauman, corder; John Benner, paper hanger; Charles Baker, pump maker; C. J. Bull, grocer; Alfred Benton, lumber merchant; W. H. Bowman, paper maker; Thomas Brown, shoemaker; Jacob Binn, cordwainer; George Cobb, carpenter; London S. Card, piano maker; Lawrence Davis, rope maker; David Dillinger, clerk; Philip Emerick, boot fitter; James Farman, merchant; Robert Greer, manufacturer; Abraham Hancker, storekeeper; Robert Hassell, blacksmith; Joel E. James, cordwainer; Edward Kelley, shopkeeper; Peter Kitts, blacksmith; Edward Killingsworth, painter; Stephen Moore, cordwainer; Hiram Massler, innkeeper; Preston Marshall, skin dresser; Thomas McDowell, cordwainer; John McGregor, manufacturer; George F. Nutz, currier; George Napheys, carpenter; Wm. Ottinger, stone cutter; Jas. Oelers, storekeeper; Warner L. Peters, carpenter; Morris Powers, farmer; John Rivel, milkman; Benj. Robertson, laborer; Wm. Robinson, gardener; Chas. W. Rain, manufacturer; Thos. Suplee, carpenter; John J. Shoemaker, tobacconist; Joseph L. Sickel, clerk; J. W. Swanson, merchant; Chas. F. Snyder, grocer; Chas. D. G. Spilman, dentist; Frederick Turner, bookseller; Daniel Wallace, carpenter; James Watson, blacksmith; Nathaniel White, tailor; Wm. Watson, carter.

DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.

Mr. Hoffy, the engraver, has published a handsome certificate of membership for the Daughters of Temperance. It can be obtained at No. 20 South Third Street. Price 50 cents.

THE PROFITS.

The Pennsylvanian learns that the average receipts at the Walnut Street Theatre, during the engagement of the Bishop troupe, (fourteen nights) were $500 a night, or in all $7,000!

Our Correspondents

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

NO. VI.

New York, Saturday Evening, Dec. 11, 1847.

I have no particular passion for "dead men's bones," but I feel that it is sometimes profitable to stand upon the grave and ponder on the ways of Providence. Two or three incidents, connected with the departed, have recently come to my knowledge, which I consider worthy of a passing record.

One year ago, a young lady sailed from this city in a certain ship, for the West Indies. She wandered over the ocean in search of health, but became the victim of death. The same ship in which she sailed brought home her remains. The lady was a Christian, and all is well. A few weeks ago a brother of the deceased sailed for the West Indies, to regain his health;—but death fastened upon him also, and he now slumbers on a pleasant hillside in New England. His remains were brought from the West Indies in the same ship which previously brought those of his departed sister.

Thirty years ago a gentleman of this city married a wife, and as his health was poor, he subsequently took her upon a voyage to the Coast of Africa. But the lady died, and was buried in the sea off one of the Madeira Islands. The husband returned, married again, and was made happy by many children. About two years ago this same husband and father was taken ill, and advised to make a sea voyage. He did so, was gone upwards of eighteen months, but he also died, and it is a singular fact, that he was consigned to the deep in exactly the same latitude and longitude where his first wife was buried thirty years ago.

The remaining incident to which I alluded, has reference to the late George H. Colton, of the American Review. [illegible]

[illegible]

that upwards of two thousand persons lately visited it in one day.

The Greek slave is still in town, but is about to depart for Washington, accompanied by her friend and servant, Mr. Kellogg. This marble lady has had her day, and the New Yorkers are dying for the arrival of a new wonder, in talking about which they may have an opportunity of making themselves ridiculous.

In the religious world there is but little of interest going on at the present time. A movement is going on among our clergymen for the promotion of Christian Union, and a series of Sunday evening sermons are being delivered in Rev. Dr. Skinner's church, by gentlemen of various denominations. The first sermon of the course was delivered on Sunday evening last, by Rev. D. Spring. And hereby hangs an interesting little circumstance. As you must know, Drs. Skinner and Spring belong to the two theological schools denominated old and new. Many years ago these two distinguished men were on the most intimate terms with each other, but it so happened that they had a difficulty, and a separation was the result. For a number of years past they have barely recognized each other when they happened to meet, but when the above movement was first talked of, Dr. Skinner made up his mind to call upon his old friend and bring about, if possible, a reconciliation. He did call, and the result was most satisfactory, and it was immediately after this event that Dr. Spring made his appearance in Dr. Skinner's pulpit. The numerous friends and admirers of both parties are of course delighted, with this happy termination of an old difficulty.

A portion of our Roman Catholic population are in a state of excitement, on account of the suspension, by Bishop Hughes, of an eloquent, but fearless Catholic preacher named De Marsip. This gentleman came to this country from Paris about one year ago, and brought letters from the Prime Minister; he is thought to be an eminently good man, but Bishop Hughes thinks that there is too much of the Protestant in him. M. De Marsip is about to defend himself in a pamphlet, and strange developments are expected.

One more paragraph of news, and I will close. The Legislature of this State have rescinded the vote formerly passed, in favor of Whitney's Railroad to the Pacific, and have passed resolutions in favor of what they consider the more feasible plan of Mr. George Wilkes of this city, which was endorsed at the Chicago Convention.

GOTHAMITE.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

In the Senate, on the 8th, the Vice President presented a letter from the public printer, relative to the refusal of the President to furnish him with a copy of the Message previous to delivery, as heretofore.

The Vice President presented a memorial from the Legislature of Oregon, asking for the establishment of a Territorial Government.

Mr. Dickinson presented the proceedings of the New York Legislature, asking the repeal of the Post Office Law charging postage upon newspapers within thirty miles of the place of publication.

Mr. Hannegan introduced a bill for the relief of the heirs of Paul Jones, which was read three times and passed by unanimous consent.

On the 9th, after some unimportant business, Mr. Miles announced the death of his late colleague, the Hon. Mr. Huntington, and after pronouncing upon him a brief but eloquent and touching eulogy, the Senate passed the accustomed resolutions of mourning and adjourned.

On the 13th, the Vice President laid before the Senate the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, and, on motion of Mr. Breese, 20,000 copies were ordered to be printed for the use of the Senate.

On motion, it was resolved, that the Military and Naval Committees be increased to seven members each.

On Mr. Sevier's motion, the Senate proceeded to the election of officers, when the old officers were all re-elected almost unanimously.

The joint resolution from the House, providing for the election of two Chaplains, was agreed to, and Mr. Slicer, elected on the part of the Senate.

On Mr. Mangum's motion, the following appointments of Chairmen of the Standing Committees were made:—

On Foreign Relations, Mr. Sevier; Finance, Mr. Atherton; Commerce, Mr. Dix; Manufactures, Mr. Dickinson; Agriculture, Mr. Sturgeon; Military Affairs, Mr. Cass; Militia, Mr. Rusk; Naval Affairs, Mr. Fairfield; Public Lands, Mr. Breese; Private Land Claims, Mr. Yulee; [illegible]

[illegible]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible]

LATE FROM MEXICO.

By a late arrival at New Orleans, the following report has been received from the Rio Grande. We give it for what it is worth:

Minon was at Guatemala with 500 cavalry, acting as a corps of observation for Gen. Filisola, whom he represents as being in San Luis with 9,000 troops. The intention of Gen. Filisola was said to be to march upon Saltillo, as soon as it was ascertained that Gen. Taylor had left the country. The Mexicans have great confidence in Filisola, and the people of San Luis were presuming largely upon the weakness of our forces when once from under the lead of the dreaded Taylor. He says that the people are not at all dispirited by the loss of their capital, and evince as strong a determination as ever to continue the conflict.

Even though we may not believe this report ourselves, we feel it a duty to make it public—no harm can result from its proving unfounded, and if true, the warning may be of service.

☞ A little dog and a lighted candle are acknowledged by experienced burglars to be the greatest impediments to robbing a house.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Saturday Afternoon, Dec. 11, 1847.

REMARKS.—Our last review brought us up to Tuesday evening, and but four days having passed since then, we have but a meagre report to present to our readers in the present number. The news by the steamer Britannia being somewhat more favorable than was generally anticipated, unsettled the Grain Market and prices advanced a trifle for a short time, when, however, they fell again to their former level.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—On Thursday last the news per Telegraph, of the condition of the European Flour markets, was received here, and for a time caused considerable excitement, particularly among the dealers in Flour, who immediately advanced their pretensions, and forced off some 5 or 600 bbls at an advance of 12½ cts per bbl. Purchasers generally, however, declined entering the market, and prices fell off to the former standard, say $5,50, at which some 4000 bbls have been sold. Rye Flour is still scarce and is held at $5,25. In Corn Meal there is but little doing. We note sales of 2000 bbls at $3a3,25.

GRAIN.—The market for Wheat in consequence of the limited supply has been quiet, although sales to the extent of nearly 23,000 bushels have been made at $1,35a1,40 for Western and Southern red. There is no Rye of any consequence in the hands of dealers, and prices are entirely nominal. We understand a purchase of 2000 bushels has been made in a Northern city for a dealer here at 92c. Corn, notwithstanding the European news is not so firm as when last noticed. We reduce our quotations to correspond with the present condition of the market. Pennsylvania old yellow is held at 70c. Southern 67a70c. Southern Oats are a shade lower, having been sold at 40c.

PROVISIONS.—The market generally remains inactive. Western Pork is held at $14a14,50 for Mess, and $9,50a10 for Prime, per bbl. Mess Beef is worth $12 for city packed. Bacon—New Hams sell in lots as wanted at 10a11c and old 9½a11 cents, as in quality. Sales of Sides at 6a6½, and Shoulders at 6½a6½c—stocks light. Lard sells at 10½a11½c. Sales of Butter at 11a16, and Cheese at 8a8½c.

BARK.—The market for Quercitron has again been inactive, and prices are merely nominal.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, at Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin; assisted by *James B. Smith, T. Gregory Smith, J. T. Frost, E. T. Fox, and Fred. and J. Howe.*

JOHN SIDEY, Agent, East and West.

Mr. DRAKE E. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the States of Maine and New Hampshire, the two last named in place of S. P. Jones, resigned.

Mr. HENRY LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Georgia.

Mr. THOS. STEVENS is our Travelling Agent for North Carolina.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAS. PIERCE, do. in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and contributions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. for New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Two-dead Depot of *REDDING & Co., No. 1, State Street, Boston.*

CARR, ROBINSON & FOSKIT, No. 100 Broad Street, Cincinnati.

CHILDS & BULLIMIT, Mobile, Alabama.

O. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.

WRIGHT & WORLEY, Louisville, Ky.

O. M. P. MORSE, Pittsburg, Pa.

CHARLES TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore, Md.

OF SAFFORD & PARR, Norwich, Connecticut.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

The Steamship Britannia arrived at Boston on the 8th inst., with fifteen days' later news from Europe. The pressure is growing off, and the market feels show a slight disposition to improve.

The Packet Ship Stephen Whitney was lost on her voyage from New York to Liverpool, under the most appalling circumstances. Mistaking the light on Rock Island near Cape Clear, on the west coast of Ireland for the old head of Kinsale, she continued her course, supposing to make New harbor, but in less than a quarter of an hour, with a strong breeze which fanned all hands from the land her late, she came broadside on a rock called the Wet Calf, about four miles from the shore. In less than ten minutes after striking was dashed to pieces, overwhelming on board with terror and her helpless crew and passengers; eighteen only of all survived and succeeded in reaching the rocky face of the rock, which forms a waterbed island, remaining only three fathoms at low tide.

The eyes of all Europe are at this time most anxiously directed towards Naples, where the work of descent has at length burst out into a flame, and hostilities have actually commenced, and blood been shed in a collision which, in the words of a poets of the combatting parties. The whole country appears to be converted into a camp, and almost every man capable of bearing arms has been summoned to join the ranks of the military organizers of their respective Cantons; and little doubt can be entertained but there will be a bloody war before the quarrel between them will be finally settled. The Federal Government has at its call at any one hundred thousand men not under arms, that of the Sonderbund amounts to about half that number.

Three cases of decided Asiatic Cholera are said to have shown themselves in the Faubourg St. Germain, at Paris.

The cholera has already disappeared from Moscow, but it appears to be progressing in other parts in the direction of St. Petersburg.

The satire of James Smith, the Knowles, the dramatic author, appears in the list of Scottish Bankrupts.

It is said that the Archduchess of Parma, Maria Louisa, widow of Napoleon, has formally married Count de Bombelles, one of her suitors.

It is said that Victor Cousin, hitherto one of the most zealous supporters of eclectic doctrines in Christianity, and is about to become a nonce of La Trappe.

The Sapper, Claude Talbert, with his gang of 30 sappers accomplices, are now on trial at Paris for numerous robberies in Paris. They are charged with 118 crimes, and their trial will occupy many hours in reading.

The American Minister at Genoa was enthusiastically cheered by the populace at the reception of their King, Charles Albert.

The three Italian princes who have entered upon a system of reform—that is, Charles Albert of Sardinia, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany—have set had the foundations of a league for the basis of it to the greatest possible degree of freedom of trade.

The Queen of Portugal was delivered of a prince on the 4th. Her Majesty appeared at the Opera on the previous night, and remained till 12 o'clock. Advices from Madrid announce that a marriage of 1847 has been gathered with success, and from the returns received of the harvests of 1845, 1844, 1843, 1842 and 1847, the collection has been with confidence to a general increase of subsistence.

M. Desmappettes, the renowned Chess King, died recently at Paris.

Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, the eminent composer at Munich, died on the 4th inst., in the 37th year of his age.

The state of Ireland is very frightful. A report to hand in every where unmolested, and hundreds are daily falling victims in consequence of the people.

IRELAND.

The murderous and outrages in this unhappy island still continue, exceeding in number and horrible carry. The resistance of rents is becoming more decided and general.

The system of passive resistance to the poor rates, which has reached to such a head in many of the unions, has caused great embarrassment to the electrical steps for its enforcement.

The Government has issued a proclamation warning the people against the commission of crime, and admonishing them that the perpetrators of murders and other their evasion of justice, are, in the view of the law, accessories after the fact, and will hereafter be dealt with accordingly. We have no reason to believe that this step on the part of the treasury arranged clamour, is in course of preparation, and will be put in force as speedily and as far as such a period as possible. The Evening Mail says, suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act is the only measure adequate to the exist.

The New York Evening Post of the date stated October 31, showing that 35 heads of families, or 169 persons, were, Cat month, 1847, in the receipt of the lands and houses they held as tenants in the county of Fitzpatrick. They are all to be turned out of their long farms and cattle stranger. Many of the people must starve. They must go to the poor house and contribute opposite their old dwellings. Dublin, Nov. 14. Mrs. Ryan, aged 40, had obtained by Connors, has been committed to Sligo Gaol, charged with Smith, a gauger, at Ballygorgy, has been sent to Dr. Borrowing, M. P., for Dublin, with $4000 while travelling in Wales. Official returns have been made of the potato crop—400,000 acres of potato. The London Globe proposes a convict act for Ireland, and a Government Commission is appointed to enter the plant, if he speaks substantially. The Times also talks of a convict act.

POLAND.

The National indicates on that the power has received daily the benefit of the Polish Legion, organized on having deployed in their own hearts on the the collection of the Polish Legion, organized on behalf of capital, and addressed to declared hostilities, without any one having been aware that preparations have been engaged naked from their beds, occupied by a numerous force, and carried off to the citadel and fort. Most have been captured, on suspicion, as long-haired men, and the only charge still they have contented imaginary crimes. Lastly, workers have been arrested in the streets, in the fields, unclothed, left for dead, and then claimed by the American police to prevent their escape.

Russian colonies obedient at learning with what exactly the Russians do with their Polish subjects, imprisoned patriots. Gregorowiczak who signed the Cracow constitution, and Count Ladislas Wasiel, became very soon insane. The old story. Wrongdoing, and remorse, and then madness, died. The brain of the unfortunate Hobyla was not cut over the scalp and the bones of the head sawed. Mesmerism has broken his skull by beating it against the walls of the prison. Not being able to support the torture, Serbey, Count being able to bear the most cruel tortures.

THE MARKETS.

Last Weeks Cotton Trade.—On the last four days of Liverpool and Manchester 30,000 bales, Philadelphia and Baltimore 20,000 bales, and of Orleans 10,000 bales, or 60,000 bales in the Indian corn market is dull at 30s. 6d. to 31s. 6d. per qr. Wheat, United States and Canadian sound and fine flour, 35s. to 36s. 6d. per bbl. Ashes, pots 29s. 6d. to 30s. 6d. per cwt. pearls 30s. 6d. per cwt.

Ashes.—The market has shown no pressure sellers—a sufficient quantity has arrived to meet the demand, contracted by a well sustained demand. Sales of pots, pearls have been extensively made at 30s. 6d. to 31s. 6d. per cwt. Rice is steady at present quotation, as while the best white is selling at 40s. 6d. to 41s. 6d. per cwt. Sugar is very brisk in London.

The market is by no means so active in Liverpool as throughout the previous portion of the Week. Coffee the abundance of business done in Mocha, Java and Ceylon, and the transactions were extensively limited to 1,000 bags, at 50s. to 52s. per cwt.

Cotton Market.—Market ordinary to middling qualities of American are 1-8d. to 1-4d. per lb. lower, and in of New Orleans good ordinary qualities 1-4d. to 1-2d. per lb. lower. Sales of the week 70,000 bales, including 10,000 to speculators and exporters. Market closed dull at the decline. Sales to-day 6,000 bales.

No bread issues from ordinary 8 to 10 d. Sales of ordinary to fair 6d. to 7d.

The sales of the week ending the 11th inst. amount to about 40,000 bales, of which 5,000 were for export and 7,000 on speculation, and the business for the first trading yesterday evening amounted to about 10,000 bales, of which exports have taken 1,000, but upon subsequent sales without effect, and no decrease was experienced. An advance of 1-8 d. from the low prices of last week was obtained on the best qualities. The market was unsettled at the close of the week. From the ravages of those sufferers up to the present time the season has become extremely limited, and the movement is wholly lost.

country to put an end to hostilities. Restored, by our voluntary surrender, to the possession of his capital and important departments, and relieved from the pressure of our arms, and from all apprehensions of further conquest and annoyance, beyond the limits we might select, he would be left with more abundant resources than he now possesses to prepare, at leisure and in security, to strike an effective blow with concentrated forces at our detached posts. To hold those posts safely, to retain possession of the seaports we now furnish as the ground for this new Report, for the nine-tenths of the community who never read long state papers.

The proposed new form of Notes and Coffee at 10 per cent., which the Secretary estimates would produce a revenue of $2,000,000. The loss of $18,500,000 produced by the President as necessary, is more particularly referred to in this Report. The establishments of ports of entry in Oregon, and the extension of our Revenue laws to that part of our country is recommended, together with donations of farms to settlers and emigrants, and the grant of school section in the center of every quarter of a township, which would bring the school house within a point not exceeding a mile and a half in distance from the most remote inhabitant of such quarter township. This measure, he thinks, would be peculiarly beneficial in all the new States and Territories.

The Constitutional Treasury is highly commended. The Secretary says:—

A commercial nation without Warehousing accommodations, is like a merchant without a store-house, and no nation can retire upon the field of war, and open commercial relations with other nations without such a system.

The remainder of the Report is devoted to the Tariff question, which is very ably argued in favor of the present Tariff, and Free Trade. He quotes the opinions of the most distinguished political writers in the Report itself, which will doubtless be extensively read by the people. Quite long.

In my report of the 23d of July, 1846, it was shown that the annual value of our products exceeded $1,000,000,000. Our population doubles once in every twenty-three years, and our products quadruple in the same period. But during the time when a man compounding their exports from at any port needs which would enable them, and to suppress the more powerful openings of the people wherever the same may be imagined. I cannot easily estimate the force requisite to carry into full effect this plan, if the most severely increased force. It is since the presence of that number in the enemy's country would be necessary to keep open, but, as stated, it would be necessary to raise a much larger force, with the great expense of raising, organizing, and sending to their remote destination so large a body of troops as would be required to give effect to this plan, would, I apprehend, bring a heavy charge, and, perhaps, embarrassing demand upon the treasury.

The plan made presented is, in my judgment, preferable to the others. Beyond certain limits, if additional requisitions are made upon the people of the country, the power to collect the supplies will be lessened, and no such result is to be retained, and no such result is to be retained, and no such result is to be retained

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE UNION MAGAZINE

MY SUE.

BY REV. R. HOYT

In the days when I was young,
Just a trifle on life's way,
Ere the clouds of manhood flung
Their dark shadows over me;
When my spirit was as light
As my own Green-Mountain sky,
And my hopes were all so bright
As the sunbeams shining there,
Like the forget-me-not by the
Fall in love!—and so would you,
Had you seen our valley then,
That sweet homestead—my fire!

She was kind, but she was coy,
And whenever I came near
Though a harmless, blushing boy,
She would shrink as if with fear;
And the look of her blue eye
Would by telling form display,
Like the forget-me-not by the
When the evening shuts the day.
Ah! how she bewitched my heart!
And, between myself and you,
She would sometimes make it smart—
That sweet summer one—my Sue.

Oh, how often have I sat
All alone beside the brook,
And have cast away my hat,
With a suicidal look!
Now I might have hurried in,
Had not something whispered—" Nay"
And preserved me from the sin,
In the grunge could be no sue.
No consequence in my breast,
No shadow upon the green
But there was a garden nigh,
With its lower one in view
And still roamed my heart and eye
That sweet lily there—my Sue.

Our servant arrested,
When the tools of duty were o'er,
She was sitting at the door
Of her little cottage door
Then I pressed my suit again,
Like a pilgrim at a shrine
Oh, it was not all in vain!
And that gentle, joyous girl,
Who my crown hasn't one—my Sue:
And I love her all the more.

Now that she has come to be
Like the ivy, twining o'er
This old, gray-grown tree—one
Neither have I one regret,
As I mark the flying years
For she clings the closer yet
As the latter fall the years,
And we're looking now above,
With a clear and tranquil view,
For an endless life of love.

My sweet hyacinth—my Sue

Selected Articles.

DIVORCE AND MARRIAGE.

[The New York Tribune has the following excellent answer in a correspondent, who had advertised rather humorously in relation to Marriage and the liberty of Divorce:]

The great importance of the matter agitated by our correspondent, and the general prevalence and spread of mistaken and pernicious notions with regard to it, impel us to overrule our repugnance and endeavor to point out his error.

His essential mistake lies in forgetting that we are all members of one great family, and that the welfare not merely of the contracting parties but of the entire community is involved in their conduct —nurtured, as they are, in the purity and permanence of the matrimonial connection. This is no more game or say—it is the dictate of History no less than of Religion. Gibbon, a deadly infidel, never married, and not at all scrupulous in his notions, pronounced the facility of Divorce accorded by the later laws of Rome one of the vital and palpable causes of the corruption, decay and ruin of the Roman Commonwealth. So in the French Revolution, when, during the tearful reign of Abbesom and Terror, a legal Freedom of Divorce was decreed, the consequences (says Alison) were fearfully and enduringly pernicious. Licentiousness, long prevalent in France, was not checked, but immensely increased, and the domestic hearth which had been the scandal of the cities and the more fortunate villages became all but nocturnal, poisoning the whole social atmosphere, doubling the number of deserted wives, uncared-for children, and sowing far and wide the seeds of immorality and crime.

The reason of this is obvious, unless to the spiritually darkened. Man is a moral being, and in all his acts and emotions must have respect to moral laws and moral ends, or he goes astray. He might do this and avoid that, for reasons independent of his own personal advantage or gratification. True, we believe the time will come, must come, when, under the influence of a truer Education and of more harmonious Relations, Desire and Duty will harmonize to an extent now antiregated by few; but less must be made for and adjusted to the world as it is. Whenever it shall have been improved, let the laws be amended correspondingly. Now the union of man and woman in wedlock is not a mere arrangement for their mutual benefit, but an act which involves far-reaching and everexpanding consequences. Do the parties fairly contemplate all these? and have they truly and firmly resolved to discharge in good faith all the responsibilities they thus take upon themselves? If yes, their union is Marriage; if no, let some one else give it a name.

The natural consequences, we have said, are as enduring as life; can the engagement have a shorter term? Suppose the husband and wife stand ire ach other, and mutually prefer new engagements; but they have children who require the care and training of a father and mother—and which none but parents can be supposed to love. Who will say that they have a moral right to gratify their own inclinations and thereby deprive these children of the providence and guidance to which they are by nature entitled? Who?

Now it need not be urged that many marriages are made on earth that never were in heaven—that the world is full of ill-assorted pairs, who worry and torment each other. All know this. But may we not fairly urge, since men and women are impelled by sensuality, or thoughtlessness, or the mean aspiration for wealth or ease, or the importunity of relatives, to marry from impropriety in defiance of the Law's stern decree that the connection once formed is all but indissoluble, that they would be likely to do so far oftener if the marriage tie could be snapped at pleasure? Who does not see that this would be the inevitable result? Who does not know at least half a dozen who would take a new wife at least once a year under such a contingency? I say double a dozen would not hesitate a moment in the average duration of women formed on the principle of "I'll love you so long as I'm able, and swear no longer than I do"? Again, in many States, where Libertinism has been reduced to a system?

We cannot doubt that the only touchstone which the Law can apply to attest the essential oneness of two persons to enter into the matrimonial relation, or the requisition of their solemn engagement to be fulfilled and devoted to each other so long as they two shall live. Those who truly perform that vow in the sight of God husband and wife; those who falsify, deceitfully promise one purposes and ex emonials; those who promise and afterward wish to break or repudiate their engagement, thereby prove themselves weak, selfish, sensual and culpably willing to consign individual gratification at the expense of general good. They forget that life is a battle-field wherein no man, barring his own passion, is bound to maintain it, not asking whether it be safer or less arduous than any other, but only whether it be his.

Our correspondent will easily solve the whole problem which now perplexes him, if he will but consider that a man is here not for his own special ends, but to subserve universal ends. But he says many should be, and "Where is the Happiness?" but "What is Duty?" Perhaps he was not sent here to be especially happy; very possibly it is not best for him on the whole that he should be; but there can be no doubt of the obligation resting on him to act uprightly and to seek by all means to promote the highest and widest good. He may be entirely too anxious for Happiness. "He that would save his life shall lose it." But the Universe is not forsaken, and we deal our effort, whether for good or evil, can fail of its ultimate reward.

CONDITION OF THE MINERS OF IDRIA.

The Hamburger translates from the Wiener-Zeitung, published at Bremen, an interesting account of a visit to the Quicksilver Mines of Idria. We copy from it as follows:

"On the entrance to the mines is in the centre of the town, is hewn in the rocks, and is two hundred and sixteen feet in length; when this is passed you descend into the mines by means of steps. The whole entire depth is eight hundred and sixteen feet; there are nine hundred stone steps, and a few hundred ladder-steps. Formerly as had to 12; two hundred and seventy persons labor there by day, and by night about one hundred; by the whole are employed one six hundred and forty workmen are employed. The total product annually is 6,000 cwt. of pure quicksilver, 1,000 of which are used in the manufacture of vermilion, an establishment for which is also in Idria. Formerly the yield of the mines was greater, but then the price was much lower than now; the product has been decreased, with the express design of raising the price to its present high rate. In 1580 a few hundred guilders, delivered free of charge in Trieste.

The smelting is kept up during the six winter months; in the summer it is suspended, as in the warm season it produces diseases through the whole place—sometimes both men and animals. The ore which is excavated yields from one-half to eighty per cent. of pure quicksilver. The common yield is about twenty-five to twenty per cent. After the pure quicksilver has been taken from the furnace, it is washed, poured into bottles of double thoroughing, annually about forty pounds each, and two such bottles are put in one wicker flask.

For several years a great deal of water has constantly made its way into the mines; a steam engine is kept at work day and night, pumping it out.

It must be said that the pay of the laborers in the mines, which yearly brings into the Austrian Treasury above half a million of guilders nett profit, is very low, considered as ordinary day wages, without regarding the grave circumstance that in the very first year they take in the cause of chronic diseases, which never afterward leave them, and for the most of these shortened life keep them in an emaciated and unhappy condition. The greater part die between thirty and forty, and only a few reach the latter age. It sounds like irony, that those who endure forty years in this service of the State are presented with full liberty. Although, after what has been said, no one would suppose the attainment of this reward to be within the bounds of possibility, yet the following case has gained the victory even over these poisonous influences. There are three workmen who have lived out their forty years' service. The writer of this made the acquaintance of one of them, but miss, an Austrian, and what a reward for forty years of such labor!

The duration of the daily labor in the mines, is fixed at eight hours; beside a long half hour employed in descending and ascending. The so called carriages which are drawn up and let down by a machine in the shafts are used only in conveying tools, ore, and the overseers.

The wages of the laborers is divided into three classes, and amounts from eight to seventeen kreutzer, (4 to 8½ cents) a day. Beside this, what vegetables and grain they want, are supplied to them at a moderate fixed price, which, in years of scarcity, offers an advantage. The third class at eight kreutzer, or the most numerous, and the first, at seventeen, the least on, as it contains only one hundred laborers. What a contrast between the advantages of these people, and the large income of many wealthy men, and what a standard of earnings and desert in the one case and the other. Might not a hard working father in these mines support on a support, do not even fulfil the easy duties which in their position are due to the State and their fellow citizens?

During the time of smelting, the furnaces are changed twice a week. It takes a single one man a whole night to clean a furnace, and in fact he receives four to five guilders, (\$2 to \$2.50.) From this high pay, in connection with eight to seventeen kreutzer, (4 to 8½ cts.) for eight hours' labor in the shafts, we can judge the nature of the latter, and the circumstances of existence. It is a long day after the cleaning of a furnace, symptoms appear which give to the already weakened sparks of life another and more inevitable blow. Nevertheless there are always volunteers for the work, generally such as are invited to it by great poverty or by debts.

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To marry it only permitted to laborers of the first class, a permission which is almost always refused to the rest. The leaden sexuality being with them a lot of land and a few cows or sheep, which contribute to the support of the family, as the seventeen kreutzer alone are of course not sufficient. They live chiefly on a milk diet, as that is both the cheapest and most wholesome against the influence of the quicksilver. The inscription of the fathers does not seem to be inherited by the children; at least among the latter, I found all looking pale. The women have also a very healthy appearance, besides being quite handsome. But the workmen, on the other hand, all look as if they ill, and as if from other men at the first glance. Their cheeks are all fallen in, their complexion sickly and yellow, and many, according to the testimony of the surgeon and their hands tremble; from that they never recover.

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There is no passage in history more striking than the trial, condemnation and death of the leaders of the Girondists, the "soft" true republicans of the French Revolution. There men were thirty-two in number, and embraced most of the ablest men in the time of France. It takes a single one attributed to their comparatively mild character, which, in their circumstances, perhaps, amounted to weakness. But they have holded their heads and have saved themselves and the state. They were brought to trial by the tyrant of Robespierre, and before one of the most unjust courts that ever gave judgment. Their melancholy fate, and the heroism with which they met it, have been called afresh to our mind by reading Lamartine's new volume. This it his description of the night before their execution:—

"They were all condemned for this last night in the grand chamber—that Hall of Death. The twenty-one who had been condemned with Vergniaud Valaze should be taken back to the prison, carried on the same cart with his accomplices to the place of execution, and buried with them.

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"The gendarmes placed the melody in a corner of the prison. The Girondins, one after another, kissed the hermet head of their friend. They recommended to him their wives and children. "To-morrow" said they to the corpse, and they gathered their strength for the coming day. It was near midnight. The jailer Segret Bault, governor of the prison, had concealed in Paris, had promised to send to them from without, on the day of their judgment, a last repast—of triumph or of death, according to they might be acquitted or condemned. By the hands of Segret, he kept his word. The funeral repast was spread in the great dungeon. Costly viands, rare wines, flowers and lights covered the rich table of the prison.

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"The meal lasted till the dawn of day. Vergniaud, seated at the head of the table, presided with the same calm dignity which he had preserved during the night at the trial of August, while presiding over the Constituent.

"The guests ate and drank with sobriety—menace by no earned their strength. Their firmness was grave and solemn—though not sad. They spoke of the immortality of the soul, and expressed their belief in it. Some, having Voltaire's writings, several retired to their cells—but thirteen remained in the great dungeon. The Abbe Lambert, the friend of Roucher—who had been waiting at the door of their dungeon all night—was then allowed to enter and offer his ministry.

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"Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, they embraced each other as a sign of communion in freedom, in life and in death. They then resumed their funeral attire in order to encourage themselves mutually, and send to the latest moment the spirit of his friends to the one still undergoing execution. All died bravely—Sillery with irony.—Fonfrede with a smile. Ducos walked erect, bowed to the people, as though to thank them for glory and the scaffold. Each time the axe came down, a fresh head was exposed to fall; two hundred and seventy persons labor there by day, and by night about one hundred; by the whole are employed one six hundred and forty workmen are employed. The total product annually is 6,000 cwt. of pure quicksilver, 1,000 of which are used in the manufacture of vermilion, an establishment for which is also in Idria. Formerly the yield of the mines was greater, but then the price was much lower than now; the product has been decreased, with the express design of raising the price to its present high rate. In 1580 a few hundred guilders, delivered free of charge in Trieste.

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FROM THE UNION MAGAZINE

THE THRIVING FAMILY.

A SONG.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

One father lives in Washington,
And has a world of cares;
But gives his children much for a few
Enough for them and theirs.—
Full thirty well-grown sons has he.

A numerous race indeed,
Married and settled in the world,
With boys and girls to feed.
And of we wisely fill our lands,
We've not a room for all.
And have a penny, ten, to spare,
For opening, or for giving.
A thriving family are we,
No landing need deny us,
For we know how to use our hands,
And in our wits we pride us.
Hal, brother, hal,—
Let scuggle on earth divide us

None of us dare the sharp northwest,
Some, clerks fields and farms,
And others tend the cotton plants
That keep the looms going
Some build and store the white-winged ships,
And few in speed can mate them.
While others plough the mighty wheat,
Or grind the flour to freight them
And if our sons and daughters do
Here's ne'er an empty larder,
For each has learned to cheer.
We'll work a little harder
No odd nobility have we,
Thanks to God for that we.
Our Sages in the Capitol
Exact the labor of the hands we
Hal, brethren, hal,—
Let scuggle on earth divide us

Some faults we have—we can't deny
A foible, here and there,
But other households have the same,
And so, we'll not despair.
'Twill do no good to fume and frown,
And rail at Adam's curse,
And 'tweere a burning shame to part
So near a kindred.
"To bat a worse of time, to fret,
Is folly from the heart.
For every quarrel costs a thread
That healthful love has spun.
So down the hearth we sit instead,
Whenever may betide us,
And relume the fire of kindness.
For manet's storm has tried us
Hal, brethren, hal,—
Let scuggle on earth divide us!

The Essayist.

THE STUDENT OF NATURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NO. I.

Most men pass through the world without seeing any of its beauties, and like a blind man who has been at a show, they have some confused idea of what was exhibited, but could not tell the exact facts of curiosity, but that some one has told them something upon the subject. They know that a splendid show of some sort has been exhibited, but that notion was, or by whom or by what power it was exhibited; they have any knowledge.

The student of nature, on the contrary, examines the peculiar mechanisms of the universe, ascertains their powers, and the laws governing them, and acquires enable him, and fails not to perceive the hand of the mighty Mover who keeps the machine in its proper place.

I propose to point out in a series of short essays some of the harmonies and beauties of the creation, the adaptation of one means to ends, and the goodness, power and wisdom of the Creator. I do not pretend, and hope that the observations which I propose will be original, on the contrary, I will make use of the works of others, and occasionally any one can find fault with, I will commence with

The Harmony between Light and the Organs of Sight.

The eyes of most animals, and particularly of man, are adapted to the usual light of day, but by a power of expansion and contraction they may see by candle light, or the light of the moon, and by any one go out of the sun on a clear day into a darkened room, on entering he can scarcely perceive any thing, but in a little time, when the eye is adapted to the light, is contracted in size, he can see almost as well as in the open air. Something similar to this we have an instance which we find every where manifest in the works of the Creator of the most adapted means to their ends.

But the eye is not only calculated to observe objects which are near, frequently there intervenes a space which is of great extent between us and the thing to be seen, and yet at immense distances, as, for example, in the case of astronomy, we find by some physical effects which is produced upon the organ of vision. The eye is so formed that a certain membrane or coat of the eye is so formed that which is highly susceptible of mechanical vibration, and connected by nerves with the brain, upon light falling upon it causes a sensation of light called the pupil. The light proceeding from a distant object, at the rate already mentioned, enters the eye and by its refraction is brought to a focus upon the retina, and the object is seen. How this light produces the eye in a question about which philosophers do not agree; some imagining that particles of matter pass from the eye, and so of the effect the membrane as to produce vision; others thinking that there is between the star and the eye an undulating movement of the ether, so as to be capable of receiving and transmitting pulsations or undulations like those imparted by a sounding body. This light is then communicated to the retina, and by two hundred thousand miles per second of time, and yet the brain is affected by it, and yet the shock produces an unpleasant sensation.

How admirable is this contrivance of the great Author! He has created you with a little eye, and more or a little less sensibility, it could not have endured the brightness of the light in the first instance, but has been left in darkness to the second, the medium through which the light passes had been more dense than it is, it would have had the effect to render everything dull to the sight, and everything would have been of an insupportable dazzling brightness. If the light, itself, had been not visible then we could not have had the power of the organs of sight by the shock it would have produced, of course so, it would have blinded us by its brightness.

We cannot but perceive the harmony there exists between the eye, the medium through which the light passes, and the light itself. How great is the wisdom manifested in obtaining the end proposed, and how perfect the adaptation of the means to the ends which has preceded such blessings for man.

BUBULCUS.

Fun and Frolic.

TO THE MAID WITH GOLDEN HAIR.

Yes' thou art lovely—thy figure and face
Were formed in the models of beauty and grace,
And gold are your locks, and your eyes of blue,
But gold would love thee the more
If more,
Instead of thy hair, were the gold in thy purse,
And I should declare thee divine.

COMICALITIES.

A lady asking a gentleman how it was most medical men dressed in black, he replied—"The meaning is very obvious, as they are chiefly occasioned in physicians of the table, personal."

Every body must have something to be proud of. There is a man in Baltimore who is proud because he can't read or write. Another is the Duke Prince, longer than any other inhabitant of the place.

An excentric fellow, who was recently at a table, where there were several fair girls sipping their tea-saucy, was asked what he thought of a certain lady that was by him at the time. "Why, sir," she is in the plainest woman I ever saw in my life—the present company excepted."

A gentleman, on a green-room wrangle with Mrs. Clive, after listening to all she had to say, replied, "I have heard of Scylla and Charybdis, but you are the first instance of both; but you are the devil of one, and the flame of the other."

A blind man who gave alms at the streets of London, whining out a long story about his misfortunes, has among other prayers for the charitable and humane, the following curious wish—"May you never see the darkness which I now see."

A MUTE.—Modern criticism has suggested that the ancient Greek, who is recorded to have carried round a book, as a specimen of his house, probably carried it as his hat. That gives a beautiful moral to the tradition.—*Boston Post.*

TITLES.—Some years ago there was a young English nobleman figuring away at Washington. He had not much brains, but a vast number of titles, which, notwithstanding our pretended dislike for them, have some effect of tickling the ear amongst. Several ladies were in debate, going over the list; he is Lord Viscount so and so, Baron of such a county, &c.

"My fair friends," exclaimed the gallant Lieut.-N——, "one of his titles you appear to have forgotten."

"Ah!" exclaimed they, eagerly; "what is that?"

"*He is Baron of Intellect*," was the reply.

REGISTER AS LOG.—Two Dutchmen, living opposite each other, who had, for many years been in the habit of smoking by their door-sides in silence, at length broke forth in the following dialogue: "What sort of weather you tink it will be to-day, neighbor?" The other, after two or three hasty puffs: "Well, I don't know; what sort of weather you tink it will be?" The first, somewhat nettled: "I tink it will be such weather as you tink it will be." The other, acquiescingly "Well, I tink so, too."

For Housekeepers.

CURING MEAT.

The difference between doing a thing right, and doing it wrong, is perhaps nowhere more obviously shown than in curing meat. Nevertheless, there are few people who do not relish a slice of nice ham or corned beef; and many a good housewife can speak of various advantages in the way of extra of cookery, which belong to well-cured, clear, pickled pork. It is a very easy matter to have all these things of good quality; yet it is too often the case that we find them put up or managed in so curious a manner, that they are neither wholesome, or in such condition that they can only be eaten by persons of the strongest appetites.

HAMS.—For every one hundred pounds of meat, take five pints of good molasses, (or five pounds of brown sugar,) five ounces of saltpetre, and eight pounds of rock salt—add three gallons of water, and heat the ingredients over a gentle fire, skimming off the froth or scum as it rises. Continue the boiling till the salt, &c., is dissolved. Have the hams, newly cut and trimmed, packed in casks with the shank-end downward, so the pickle will not strike in better. When the pickle, prepared as above, is sufficiently cool, pour it over the hams. They may lie in pickle from two to six weeks, according to the size of the pieces or the state of the weather, more being necessary in cold than in warm weather. Beef or mutton hams, intended for smoking and drying, may be cured according to the mode, and will be found excellent. Much of the goodness of hams depends on smoking. They should be hung at such a distance from the fire as not to be heated, and smoked for a long time in the shank-end downward, as this will prevent the fat of the meat from being dripped. Small hams, wanted for immediate use, will require but a few weeks' smoking; but large ones, and those wanted for keeping, should be smoked four weeks or more.

Different articles are used for smoking. Pepper-sawdust from hard wood, where it can be conveniently had, is, on the whole, to be preferred. Corn-cobs are first rate, and are said by some to make the "sweetest" smoke of any thing. Chips of maple and hickory, or the small twigs and branches of these kinds of wood, do well.

Another mode which we have often practised, is to *smoke the harmless casks* in which the hams are to be kept, and let them remain so packed, if wanted; only taking them out a sufficiently long time, before using, to allow them to dress properly. The harmless are smoked by a large fire of shavings, coals, &c., for several hours. The essence of smoke which is thus imbibed by the barrel, is imparted to the pickle, and thence to the meat.

BEEF.—The best pieces for corning are the ribs and rounds. Pack the pieces in casks, and use the very slight sprinkling of salt between each piece. Then cover the meat with a pickle made by boiling together, in four gallons of water, three pounds of the salt, &c., with the pieces of the meat, will be sufficient. Keep the meat closely pressed together with a heavy weight. We are assured that this is the best mode of packing beef that is intended for keeping over the summer, and that the quality of the meat is not unsurpassingly fine.

CURED PORK.—For this we prefer salt and saltpetre. After having divided the hog, take off the hams and shoulders, and all the meat you will find sweet enough to eat. Then cut the remainder into strips, four or five inches wide, and, after covering the bottom of the cask with salt, pack the strips on their edges, and as closely as possible round the cask, with plenty of salt between each layer. When the cask is full, and has settled for a day or two, put on cold water enough to fully cover the pork. Throw in a handful of saltpetre, and in a few days more no more will be taken up by the meat than is needed, and may be used in packing a new parcel. It has recently been discovered that saltpetre is a good substitute for saltpetre, in salting down meat.

The Olio.

THE THIRTY REQUISITES.

Thirty points of perfection each lodge understands.
Three in hair—and without further prelude, we know
That the skin, hands, and teeth should be pearly as snow.

Three black—and—not colour of cornelcome weeds
From dark eyes, darksome tresses, and darkly fringed lids.

Three red—and the lover of cornelcome seeks
Not the hue of the rose in the lips, nails, and cheeks.

Three long—and of this you no doubt are aware!
Long the body should be, long the hands, long the hair.

Three short—and herein no sweet beauty appears—
Short the ears, short the teeth, short the feet should be.

Three large—and remember this rule as to size.
Embraces the shoulders, the forehead, the eyes.

Three small—and herein consists beauty's chief charm
Circumference small, or mouth, ankle, and wrist.

Three round—and in this I see infinite charms—
Rounded fullness apparent in leg, hip, and arms.

Three fine—and can ought the enchantment eclipse,
Of fine tapering fingers, fine tresses, fine lips?

Three broad—and the shoulders, the chest, and the—
Sound I need, one, and bosom compact in its mould.

Now the dame who comprises attractions like these,
Will need not to study the "Graces" more widely.

While he who has not with so many to grace,
Has just better luck than his fellow to my choice.

OLD BELLES.

We see it stated, that the widow of the celebrated Dr. Rush is still living at the age of ninety in Philadelphia. She is the mother of Dr. Richard Rush, Minister to France, and Drs. James and William Rush, the first of whom is author of one of the most profound and original treatises ever published on the Voice. The widow of Lewis Morris, we believe, still resides in the vicinity of New York; Mrs. Madison is in Washington; Mrs. Rendard, widow of the first and greatest Attic architect that the United States, is at Burlington, New Jersey; and Mrs. Hamilton, a daughter of Gen. Lee, and accomplished General Schuyler, some or more years since, and widow of the immortal statesman, who, with Washington and Marshall, constituted the most glorious trinity of human beings that ever appeared on earth, is still a resident and in Broadway. Here are five of the belles who graced the terrace of the first President! What an interesting party, could they be re-assembled. *Lit. World.*

MEDICAL SOCIETY.—The most singular spot in the world for a medical society to meet in, is the most barren of land lords of Tierra. This spot turns one hundred and thirty different roots at once, and plays twenty-four tunes, and whatever it plays corresponds to a certain degree of cooking, which is perfectly understood by the cook. Thus a leg of mutton, *à l'Anglaise*, will be excellent at the twelfth air; a fowl, *à la Normande*, will be full of gravy at the eighteenth, and so on. It would be difficult, perhaps, to carry further the love of music and gourmandising.

SATISFACTION FROM EDITORS.

When the John Bull newspaper first started, many gentlemen felt offended with the freedom of its remarks. A gallant colonel, a near relation of an illustrious house, taking umbrage at the innocent freedom of the editor, determined to curb his will by a smart application of the horsewhip. Well, the colonel, full of martial fury, walked himself off in the John Bull office, in Fleet street, burning with revenge, grasping in his right hand the riding whip—the whip of the period. Intending, he did not wish to see the editor, he was politely shown into his room, and informed that the editor would wait on him directly. The colonel took a chalked line, he walked up and down the room the interval, flourishing his horsewhip over his head, and was quite elated and in starched and individual of the Redshipping species, clad in a thick white fanny great coat, his chin buried in a red cotton handkerchief, with a beaver oil chin hat upon his head, and a most suspicious looking oak-stick under his arm. "What might you want with me, sir?" asked this swaggering looking individual. "I wish to see the editor." "I am the editor, sir, at your service," said the Redshipping, taking off his chin hat, and with the chalked line his own size of a clothes-peg. "Indeed!" ejaculated the colonel, edging away towards the door." "Ah, sadness!" cried the editor, "Whatever you please, sir," and the parties separated.

AN ENGLISH.—On the window of the travellers' room in the Queen's Arms Inn here, among many queer hieroglyphics and oddities scribbled with diamond pens on the glass, is the following curious epigram:

E ER a barber applies,
E ER a s after misprizes.

The two first letters mean, in large capitals, the others very small. Can any of our readers solve the riddle—and explain the meaning of the engima? We venture the following although we believe it is capable of various solutions: Great one (E ER's) applied to or carcase a manner, that they are many mouthsomeone, or in such condition that they can only be eaten by persons of the strongest appetites.

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Science and Art.

CAMEOS.

Cameo beacon pots are made of conch shells. The art was confined to Rome for near half a century, and to Italy until the last twenty years. The Cameo mode only was in Italy and Rome, and in Paris, and now about two hundred are employed in making cameos in that city. The chief dealers of cameos are formerly thirty years ago, was about three hundred—the whole of which were sent to England, the United States, a or Burlington, New Jersey; and Mrs. Hamilton, a daughter of Gen. Lee, and accomplished General Schuyler, some or more years since, and widow of the immortal statesman, who, with Washington and Marshall, constituted the most glorious trinity of human beings that ever appeared on earth, is still a resident and in Broadway. Here are five of the belles who graced the terrace of the first President! What an interesting party, could they be re-assembled. *Lit. World.*

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ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA
Commonest Jones Paul Jones

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE
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